UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST

SAMUEL D. PATTERSON & CO. PUBLISHERS.

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TWO DOLLARS A-YEAR IN ADVANCE.

THREE DOLLARS IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: NEUTRAL IN POLITICS: DEVOTED TO GENERAL NEWS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, MORALITY, AGRICULTURE AND AMUSEMENT.

VOLUME XXV. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 19, 1844. WHOLE NO. 1212.

Original Poetry.

A FATHER'S LAMENT.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST.

I mire thy pretty face
From thy accustomed place;
And lonely seems the crowded town to me,
If, mid the crowd, my yes, I see not thee.

Thy presence could beguile
Long hours of heavy toil;
Indeed, my very weariness I'd bless,
So I but saw those eyes' bliss tenderness.

Oh! what delight it was
From work a while to pause,
And the pure lip with nectar kisses warm,
And to my heart close press thy little form.

Not now my child has gone,
Down-broken and alone;
I wander here and there, and find no rest—
Ah! nurse more can that lone heart be blest.

Had I no power a throne
At Court—at once,
When for a smile of all the subject world
His and Rome's eagle their broad wings unfurled.

Or all the mines of gold
That in those rich regions hold,
That poured forth wealth from many a blending vein,
A query, dancing lugacy in Spain!

Two to another prove
Of life far finer, my dear,
Not an equal mistake would I bestow
To lay them all before the feet of Fame.

Wrapp the pale wasting sheet,
My beauteous child, my sweet!—
It can't be—'tis a baneful dream of night.
Power Jesus! to watch the motionless night.

Ah, no! my grief must be
Life's stern reality!
I saw her clasp her clothes fade away.
As nightly die the ruddy tints of day.

I saw the aspen's light
Still more lustreless the night;
And 'mid the bush. I heard unceasingly
The warm sweet sounds which wreath hours to me.

I felt her shivering breath,
And yet I thought her Death
Dared not his blasting finger hover to lay
Upon so fair, so innocent a prey
Instead of her fleeing eye—
I saw my darling die—
I saw her die;—and yet this heart of stone
Broke not,—broke not as Mercy's God grown
I saw the black robes wave,
I heard beside the grave—
I heard the rattling clods, the sexton's sigh.
God knew him for it; yet I did not die.

Would that I could but lay
Upon the church-yard's clay
Among the unclosed people of the dead,
This aching heart, and this distracted head.

No weary traveller
Beneath the solar star,
Wished from sweet dreams by storms that lash the sea,
Ere longed for hope's delight so earnestly,
As for the still gloom
That hovers o'er the tomb:—
For the white mirror where all flowers fade
See not the sparkler search the pool and fade

There, me elsewhere, at last
Time weary I shall rest.
There, darling, shall I be again with thee,
Never to be torn from thy sweet company.
Time if my plaint be done
For the high stars have gone
One half the night—never round the sphere—
Yet still to sigh and moan I linger here.

I'll not gather flowers,
And in those silent bowers
While dew falls softly from night's shady dome,
Weeping, I'll sprinkle sweets upon thy tomb.

Original Novel.

THE CRUIZE OF THE GREYHOUND.

A Legend of Newport.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST, BY THE AUTHOR OF "PAUL JONES," "THE RIVER," &c., &c.

Not to day
With the strange wayward current of human thought,
Have I ever been wholly alone, which I
Had long forgotten.—N. P. Willis.

CONTINUED.

CHAPTER VII.

"Up rose the Dervise with that horse of light,
Nor here he thought he left from sprang'd the sight,
Up rose that Dervise—not in mortal garb,
His like a warrior bounding to his battle."—Corsair.

We must now shift the scene, and return to some of our characters too long neglected.

In the same parlor to which we have before introduced the reader, at the residence of Mr. Elwyn, there was now gathered an assemblage of persons apparently met on some festive occasion. Prominent in the group was the owner of the mansion, attired on this occasion with scrupulous exactness in the long waistcoat, wide skirted coat, and ample shoe buckles of the period. It was difficult, however, to define whether joy or sadness predominated in his mood, for though his eye occasionally sparkled, and his mouth generally wreathed in smiles, there would cross his countenance occasionally a dark shadow as if the heart, notwithstanding all, was ill at ease. He moved, too, restlessly about, and from time to time would cast uneasy glances at the door.

Equally prominent among the company was the bridegroom of the evening richly attired in satin and velvet, but less after the custom, and wearing white favors. Captain Harris, indeed, was considerably dressed up in his usual person, and his shore going coat was now set off to the best advantage in a suit of the latest court fashion; while the diamonds that confined the ruffles at his wrist and sparkled in his shoes dazzled the eyes of some of the more simple of the company with visions of fraudulent wealth on the part of the owner. His face wore a calm and pleasant smile, such as a man would naturally have on the eve of the fulfillment of his happiest wishes; and as he stood trifling with his sword knot and conversing carelessly with his bridesmaid, few of the company but what envied the bride her conquest, whom they ranked, in their provincial ignorance, as fine a gentleman as the king. There were one or two of the neighboring gentry who knew better than this; but even they regarded the bridegroom as a man of the most polished address.

The rest of the company was composed chiefly of the dependants of the family, two or three friends of the groom, and a few of the gentry who had been invited at the particular request of the bridegroom, who knew that they would be subservient to his wishes, and disobedience any impression which might arise, that the match was contracted without the voluntary consent of the bride.

At length the door was opened, and the fair victim of the evening entered, attended by two of her own sex in the capacity of bridesmaids. Her face was pale, almost as pale as the orange flowers which decked her hair, and her demeanor was rather that of one stupified by extreme grief than that of a sensitive and willing bride. She moved with slow and feeble steps, her attendants almost supporting her to her place; and when the bridegroom advanced to assist her, she shrank from him instinctively as from a serpent.

During the last twenty-four hours the sufferings of years had been endured by our heroine. We left her senseless on the floor; and it was long ere she awoke; but as the full consciousness of her situation broke upon her, she breathed a wish that she had never recovered, but passed at once into the forgetfulness of the grave. She knew from the demeanor of her former lover that there was no hope from that quarter. Oh! bitterly did she then regret not having De Courcy near: he alone, she felt, could extricate her from her unhappy situation. Once she thought of leaving the house and escaping to the city: that would be absurd, she felt; and besides the night was dark and lowering, and who would protect her on the journey? Moreover she knew that there would discover her flight, and that before evening she would be again in the power of her persecutors. Thrice was she indeed upon the point of saying, the mother of De Courcy, but her protection would not suffice against the rights of a father. Even with all this, had Mary had a single counsellor, she might have resayed to escape, but friendless and alone, a mere girl in inexperienced girl who had never learnt to rely on herself, she shrank from so bold a step, and contented herself with giving way to despair and the hateful union, when her maid entered, and from that moment Mary felt that she was watched.

She passed the night in broken slumbers, harrassed by uneasy dreams, and awoke in the morning unrefreshed, and with spirits sunken to half broken. She avoided the breakfast table, and pleaded a head-ache, hoping to escape the surveillance of her attendants again in her father. She was disappointed; they all bare can vouch for him, I will undertake."

"Perhaps so," said the royal captain, dropping the point of his sword, and addressing the divine in a respectful tone. "I only wish Captain Harris to accompany me to town and the nearest certain guardian, in order to make clear his character of some imputations of a grave character which have been put upon it."

All this had occupied a space of time far shorter than that which it has taken us to describe it in. The scene, too, had been one of general confusion. Our hero indeed had been scarcely sensible of the latter part of the dialogue we have narrated, for, in the beginning of the altercation he had leaned on the nearest girl in his arms to a window, which he had thrown open, and several of the female portion of the assembly had gathered round to assist in to recover the fainting bride. Others of the women were shrieking and wringing their hands. The two remaining friends who had accompanied our hero from the town, stood in the doorway as if to prevent egress. To finish the scene, the father stood immovable, seeming to have lost all energy, so great was his surprise.

The bridegroom during the colloquy between the divine and the royal captain, had noticed the change with a rapid eye, and now, suddenly darting to the open window where they had borne the bride, he sprang through and disappeared. Before the rest of the company could be made, though the strangers at the door, who had been watching him all the time, could prevent his retreat.

"Run around to the horse—look to your pistols," exclaimed the royal captain, leaping after him, "and you, sirs, some more of you in the garden, the pirate," and he disappeared with his attendants.

"Pirate! ha! ha! ha! What is the matter? Captain, Harris a pirate," said a dozen astonished voices.

"Ye s!" said the Secretary of State, who had remained, "there is every reason to believe he is no other than the celebrated Rover, of that name, Captain Harris has gained the shore."

Meantime the pursuers had gained the street, and the rest we shall, but the daring fugitive had already secured one of the horses. They were yet twenty paces off when he bounded into the saddle, and turning his head around as he put the beast to a gallop, he waved his arm in defiance and also away like an arrow from the bow. Pursuer discharged his pistol, but without effect: and though they mounted immediately on the remaining horses and gave chase, it was to no purpose: for the fugitive had chosen instinctively the fleetest animal. In less than half an hour they returned unsuccessful to the mansion.

CHAPTER VIII.

Nay, if the gentle spirit of moving words
Can no way change you to a milder form,
I'll woo you, like a soldier, at arms end.
—The Gentlemen of Verona.

We must now return a few hours in our history.

On landing, De Courcy proceeded immediately to his mother's residence, to whom he announced the fact of his having left the service. But she was less surprised than he expected to find her, for she had been entrusted with the secret by her husband, and had received a promise never to reveal it to their child until her death. De Courcy's father, it appears, had been a very fond parent, and finding himself neglected by his parent, who lavished all his affection on an elder brother, he had left his native country, and married a lady of fortune with the favored heir, in which the side of the latter was unjustly exposed by the former having never come to return. This was he had faithfully kept through all the vicissitudes and hardships of his life. But he took care to leave behind him, in the charge of his wife, such documents as would prove all that was necessary to establish his son in the home of his father, if ever the issue of the elder brother should fail.

De Courcy lost no time with these credentials in waiting on the colonial Secretary, to whom the papers brought out in the Bristol trader had been forwarded. Here he found Captain Harvard, who had received information anonymously that the celebrated Buccaneer, whom he had pursued to the Gulf of Mexico, was in person, and from the description it was supposed that Captain Harris was the one alluded to. Information had also got abroad of the intended marriage to take place that evening; and accordingly ordering horses, though it was already dusk, to the country seat of Mr. Elwyn, on the double duty of preventing the nuptials, and arresting the bridegroom in the act of piracy.

Even after the flight of his intended son-in-law, which every one else interpreted into a proof of his guilt, Mr. Elwyn could not credit the accusation. Nor would he believe, until again and again assured of it by the secretary, that the bridegroom had also got abroad of the intended marriage to take place that evening; and accordingly ordering horses, though it was already dusk, to the country seat of Mr. Elwyn, on the double duty of preventing the nuptials, and arresting the bridegroom in the act of piracy.

"Pardon, gentlemen," said the divine, advancing into the midst of the excited assembly, and extending a hand on either side to put back the swords which had been drawn; "in my presence I cannot permit bloodshed. Captain Harris will undertake."

"Perhaps so," said the royal captain, dropping the point of his sword, and addressing the divine in a respectful tone. "I only wish Captain Harris to accompany me to town and the nearest certain guardian, in order to make clear his character of some imputations of a grave character which have been put upon it."

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this in the last extremity. You can tell me the history afterwards."

"Certainly," replied the good antiquarian. "I have in my valise all sorts of provisions, together with a moderate supply of wine. I am obliged to take these precautions in going through the country. But thank God I have now succeeded in my search. I shall forthwith be elected academician and professor; in fact, everything I desire; thanks to Bopp, my favorite disciple, who has all my papers."

"My wife—my children," said Boppe, a prey to the most dreadful anxiety.

"Your wife—I shall take her with all my heart, and as to your children, why if they are pretty, I shall adopt them."

Five minutes after Boppe and his patron to the door of the cabin. Neither said her a single word more. The former did her visits since the departure of Beppo, but remained on their premises gazing silently but fervently. Upon seeing a stranger they arose quickly.

"My wife—my children, you are saved," cried the husband, wild with joy. "Look at your benefactor, and thank him."

"My God! how I thank you for saving me from chains," cried the peasant, throwing himself on his knees, and giving vent to an impassioned flow of tears. "Oh, Antonia, my beloved, if you but knew—"

"Your wife has nothing to learn," quickly replied the narrator. "You must recollect, my friend, that whatever occurred at our meeting must remain between ourselves. Come, my pretty innocents," he said, caressing the children, "you must have your supper; one of which I see you stand in much need, and then you must mount upon my horse along with your mother, and we shall all five go to Saltzburg. When there, your father shall be professor, and your mother shall be my housekeeper."

"And now, my children," emphatically continued Don Lattanzio, no longer able to restrain the history of the pregnant, "listen attentively to what I am about relating. Your father came to sell a block which formerly belonged to the celebrated Ennius Fornamouse, one of the most illustrious captains of the 16th century. In 1513, when the French and the Spaniards were disputing about our unhappy country, thirteen Italian warriors challenged in single combat thirteen French knights, and the setting took place in the environs of Barletta, in the precise spot on which your native town has since risen, where the block in question has been found by your father."

But we do not mean to follow the excellent Don Lattanzo in his historical details. Enough, he kept his promise of providing for father and the mother, and adopted and educated the children, who grew up in beauty and accomplishments, and never ceased to remember the day on which they raised their faithful hands and voices to Heaven, for that protection which was afterwards vouchsafed to their frenzied parent.

United States SATURDAY POST.

EDITED AND PUBLISHED BY SAMUEL D. PATTERSON & CO.

Philadelphia:

SATURDAY MORNING, OCTOBER 19, 1844.

NEW PREMIUMS.

To any person sending TWO DOLLARS in advance, we will send the United States Saturday Post, and one of the late novels.

For FIVE DOLLARS, three copies of the United States Saturday Post, and one of the new novels.

For TEN DOLLARS, eight copies of the United States Saturday Post, and either of the new novels.

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For FIVE DOLLARS, one copy of the United States Saturday Post, one copy of Graham's Magazine, and one copy of the Ladies' National Magazine.

For TEN DOLLARS, three copies of the United States Saturday Post, two copies of Graham's Magazine, and two copies of the Ladies' National Magazine.

JOHN W. MORRIS, of Shreveport, Louisiana, is duly authorized to receive subscribers and forward money for this paper.

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

We have given something of our amount of space this week to the subject of *Millerism*, as a belief in the immediate end of the world is now demonstrated. In one place we have given a list of a portion of similar delusions, which have afflicted the world from time to time, and in another, notes of the melancholy insanity of some of our extemporaries. From Baltimore, Boston, New York, Louisville, Cincinnati, and other large cities and small, we hear accounts of the insane proceedings of these misled people—accounts at one of which, we might almost laugh, if the weakness of poor human nature were not one pitiable for ridicule. It was hoped that with the failure of previous predictions to verify themselves by fulfilment that the delusion would cease—but it seems the rather to gain strength with repeated failures—and to find its disciples madder at every repetition. The most singular feature of the whole matter, is the preparation of "ascension robes," of white cloth, by the believers, in which they actually sit to attend the awful "coming!" But we spare the reader further remarks upon a subject on which sufficient is said elsewhere, at this day's paper.

Of news we have comparatively little, this week. It would seem that all the world is absorbed in the elections, past and coming, and that nobody has time to manufacture food for gossip of any other color or character. We will last in '48 intensely, only some four to six weeks longer. Before the end of the longer term mentioned, speculation will be set down for certainty, and the case will be determined. We trust before the occurrence of another presidential election that a bill will be passed fixing on one uniform day throughout the country for this election. Such a measure would have a tendency to ensure a fair expression of the popular voice, unbiassed by any calculation of the chances, or any effort of people to vote for the probably successful candidate, and thus keep in the majority. It is also worthy of thought whether an amendment of the Constitution is not desirable, making a President ineligible for a second term, immediately succeeding his first, and perhaps lengthening the term to five, six, or seven years.

There is one subject for legislation in which we call attention now, and hope to be seconded by the whole press, in order that it may not again receive the go-by. We allude to the General Post-office. At present it is most lamentably behind the age. The tariff of prices is burdensome and unequal. Established at a period when the facilities for the conveyance of the mails were to the present correspondence as one to one thousand, they press inadequate to the expansion of the department, because people will seek cheaper modes of conveyance, or forbear writing, rather than submit to a tax so onerous. This embarrassment cripples the department inefficient and unsatisfactory, and while a higher price is charged for an inch than for any article in the community, there is a worse deal. The only way for Congress to proceed, is to kick aside all that has hitherto been done, and, untrammelled, and hatched over, and commence the work anew, in a simple form, and on clear white paper.

And by the way, the session is not far off. Not more weeks, or thereabouts, and we shall be in receipt of President Tyler's last annual message—a document which will be looked for with no little interest; and which, we venture to predict, will effer abundance of themes for long and warm speeches. In ordinary years its topics would, before this, have commenced to become the subject of newspaper gossip—now we see not much taken up but with the successor to pay the usual notice in the present incumbent. Texas will undoubtedly occupy no slight attention, and of report speak true, the place of that matter is somewhat changed. It is said that the democratic candidate has been elected President of the sister republic. Such an expression of the Texans themselves, should it prove to be the fact, will introduce a new element into the calculation.

In our United Statesmanship of late, the reader will find to-day some curious and pleasant chat about things near-ots. The most curious item in the lot is the account of the land names by which Mulley somebody, the Arabian Chief, with a hard name, designates her Britannic Majesty. The British Government must be as much a puzzler, in its nature, to the African and Asiatic nations, as in its power it is a terror and a shock. Probably never, in its whole history, was the British Empire making such long as well as sure strides to extended dominion as now. Arms alone cannot do much in our day—arms, arts, and commerce together, with a far reaching diplomacy directing and guiding them, are giving Great Britain advantages of position, and increase of power, which are actually startle the jealousy of her Gallic neighbors. We, fortunately, as was remarked in some paper, in the last week, are free from alarm, as our foreign relations, independent of foreign powers. This country, more than all others, is a world in itself, and, having its own resources, and that travelling to complement its every deficiency. Soon, when it arrives, as arrive it will, it will be with a welcome with which the nation have not yet seen, but which our beloved country is destined to show them from that moment they placed their feet upon her soil. Then will be read with interest. It is in reference to the much mooted question, "Who did elect Henry Clay?" Are, therefore, inclined to give more credence to the statement than we were upon its first appearance. Perhaps some of his own political friends—for friends he must have had here, can give us some light upon the subject. We shall be happy to receive any well worked information.

The matter upon our outside pages is, to-day, of a character differing in many respects from that usually placed there. As the selected tale has a pruned in the title, we beg leave to assure those of our readers who do not like it, that it will suffer no mutilations, that this is one of them. The poisoned cannes in very good play—and we do not see that we could find more de mischief than this is represented to do. The original novel, as the first page, will commence in our next, and we hope our poetry will be found to possess high merit—one article, from its affecting truth to the sentiments which it breathes, and the other, for the beauty of the poetry in which it celebrates a beautiful pearl in the scenery of our own State.

PERIPATETIC PROSINGS.

"YOU CAN'T SHINE IN THIS CROWD!"

"Flash" is common conversational sense to-denoted to its lowest terms in a double meaning—being expressed in the smallest number of letters. It is a word, in fact, which cannot fail from the homeliest vocabulary. It is the wisdom of the people, done up as here to suit purchasers, and knocked off to all appearance with a sort of general private's fix—like a vendue sale of shop clothing. And as every "flash" phrase is sure to hit some one of the multitude on the head, new words of the sort catch a popular favor, and travel into a general currency, which is only superseded by the coin of the realm.

"You can't shine in this crowd—was what the courtiers said to Columbus. But they are not the only ones who have said it, off in their coats but above them. Nothing but hard knocks will bring the true fire out of the first. Nothing but perseverance will overcome difficulties.

"You can't shine in this crowd—is the observation of many of the half spoilt city hobble-de-hoys, when a mother, and it may be somewhat verdant youth is pushed into their company. If the new comer limits his ambition to this farthing illumination of his swillers, he shines in their crowd, and goes out as early. If he aspires to a higher, he puts it often in their country or beg a light of him, and places himself in a position to give it.

"You can't shine in this crowd—say the flirts and coquettes, the dressers and dashers, to one of their own sex whose attractions happen to be returned at her. She looked up, and *found herself entirely alone*. The words had the back of advancement. But the repulsed is often found shining on whites satin, pearls, and diamonds, and the one who told her she could not shine, are yet among those who would, but cannot. Men have their crowds—but it seems the earth. We say all the women but one, every time a man makes his election, and what all the women must be to him.

You can't shine in this crowd—say the fixers who think themselves the world, the town, the ton, the upper ten thousand. It is a shifty, and to those who are making the first spasmodic efforts to compel these free-livers to count them something. It is a challenge, and now comes the race. Hand is the struggle, better the envy, well feigned the contempt, pitiful the ambition, which actuate Timon and Alcibiades in the grand match on the lead to Rain. The Sheriff is the only one entirely satisfied with the result—for his fees must be paid before the sale is consummated, and the title good.

In a word, the first grand division of the human race is one to those who say "You can't shine," and those who answer, "We will, in spite of you." Victory over impediments is the universal law of nature. Animals, vegetables, as every school boy has been told, wage for another world to conquer. We don't doubt but every man who has had his education to get, makes himself an Alexander on a small scale, is ready to do the same thing. And this is an illustration of the vigor of Locke's definition of the understanding, that it

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Notices of New Works.

THE GEM, a Gleamanac, New Year, and Birthday Present. Philadelphia: Carey & Hart.—This splendid Annual unites superior literary merit, with the highest improvements, year after year, which make each an advance upon the preceding. The Gift for 1842, has no engravings, but is rich in Poetry, Tales, &c. by Mrs. Leslie, W. S. Mount, L. Mathews, A. B. Durand, and H. Darlington. The engravers on Steel, Cheney, Hinshelwood, Fenner and Dodson. The literary contributors are Longfellow, W. Irving, Richard Henry Dana, Miss Leslie, W. P. Wright, W. Cranch Edgar A. Poe, W. H. Furness, Mrs. C. Neal, H. W. Conway, Mrs. Ellet, F. H. Hedge, Mr. Longfellow, C. F. Hoffman, H. T. Tuckerman, R. C. Wainwright, W. G. Simms, and others, well known in this description of literature. Our readers have already had many of the best articles in the book, presented to them in the Post. As a whole, the Gift for this year is in the highest quality, equal to any of the annual volumes which have preceded it, and the mechanical execution, from the paper to the binding, make up a finish and art what they look in coast.

The general reader is perhaps little aware, what a variety of talents and efforts concerned in the production of this description of books is usually made by their preparation. Mr. Morgan, the publisher, says, more than two different annuals issued, many of them, like the one under notice, of a high order of excellence, and all, so far as we have seen, of a better character in their making matter than it was the fashion to furnish. They have created a public taste which is certainly not unfit with insufficient matter, and the publishers are compelled to make great exertions to keep pace with to their own standard.

GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK, November.—The is a very excellent number in all respects. First as to embellishments. We have here a well executed portrait of T. S. Arthur, from a painting by Tooby, and engraved in a very life-like and excellent likeness could not be promised. Mr. Arthur's face is one which is a favorite with the artist, and he has been before as more variously and naturally than in the present instance. The fashion plate is also well executed. The other embellishments are The Teacher, engraved by Ellis, a revolutionary anecdote related by the poet of Hackley, and a Happy Family, designed, drawn and engraved by Pendleton. The literary contents of the number are by Mrs. Sarah J. Hale, Mrs. G. Neal, Mrs. Sigourney, Mrs. Hale, Mrs. Ellett, Mrs. Embury, Mrs. Hewitt, Anna Fleming, Mrs. Gallaher, Mrs. Hewett, Tuckerman, Bennet, Barnes, Gayley, Poe, and others, make up a number, which requires only to be put on Annual terms, to make subscribers, to the number of 50,000 at once. Godey is all respects, as a new dress among the essentials.

AMERICAN ORIGINALITY—Historical Research, Related by Isaac Hays, M. D., Surgeon to Wills' Hospital. Schreiber. Philadelphia: Lea & Blanchard.—The number of this work, for the month of November, is a valuable communication of materials and cases from Dr. Isaac Hays, M. D., Dr. Warren, of New York, Dr. Peck, of Charles Bell Gibson, of Dunlap, Dr. Worthington L. Abbe, of Cincinnati, Dr. Dr. Isaac M. Wilson, of Liberty county, Georgia, and Dr. John Prosser Tabb, of Amherst county, Virginia. The literary notices of Dr. Pancoast's Treatise on Operative Surgery, and the third volume of the Clinical and Practical Treasise on the Diseases of Children, by M. M. Ritter and Dr. Condie. We follow some twenty bibliographical notices, and a large amount of interesting intelligence of the profession and society making this number a highly interesting and valuable one in the production of science.

GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE.—The publishers of our magazines have spoiled the public by leading readers to look for at the embellishments, before the literary matter is opened upon. Mr. Graham has, in this number, however, reversed himself, and has given the literary matter the lead of it as excellent as a literature, in regard, as an engraving. It is from the hands of Rawdon, Wright and Hatch, and a responsible guarantee that it will be executed in the most rather beautiful and highly finished plate, and a gem; and there can be no doubt that the number will be a favorite with country. Mrs. Stephens's deeply interesting story, David Hare, is concluded in this number, and is one of the best tales from the pens of Mrs. Osgood, Mrs. Hewitt, Mrs. Hentz, Anna Fleming, Egerton Oz. Brydges Harwood, Alfred B. Street, and other writers of established reputation. Mr. G. has given his readers in the present a magnificent number.

TALES FROM SHAKSPEARE.—The second number of Hewett's edition of Lamb's Tales from Shakspeare, contains the story of the play of Hamlet. The execution is tastefully printed, as well as illustrated, each page being encircled with a border of delicate design. The Illustrated Shakspeare proceeds as it has commenced: one of the most beautiful monuments to the genius of the wonderful the twenty-sixth number. Both works vary in half of Series & Co. and P. B. Peterson & Brothers.

SCOTT'S COMMENTARY.—Campbell has published No. 5 of his social quarto edition of Scott's Commentary, bringing the work to the end of the Book of Job. It is hardly necessary to say anything to American readers, of the character of Scott's Family Bible. This edition is the very gazette now now in print.

THE KNICKERBOCKER, for October, has been received by Zieber & Co., and T. B. Peterson, and is a good number—the Knickerbocker. All its readers know exactly what to expect with each succeeding number, and no uniform excellence is its best recommendation.

Miller Mem's.

A SENSIBLE WOMAN.—A Millerite in Maine, said to his wife during the time of harvest, "I am resolved to work no more, for I think it wrong to gather any more of the fruits of the earth." The next morning he arose and washed himself in readiness. Breakfast was ready, he asked his wife if she had breakfast ready. She said "No." "But," he asked, "are you not going to get any?" She answered "No." He said, "Then, you may it is not your duty to work, and if it is not your duty, it is not mine; and if the fruits of the earth may not be gathered, then they may not be cooked after they are gathered in. I am resolved to submit with you to the will of God, and while the storm continues I will lie down, eat out again, and after awhile he returned, and said to his wife, "If you will go and get some breakfast, I will go to work."

THE following is said to be Mr. Miller's last definite description of the manner in which the end of the world is about to take place:

"He supposes that the materials of which it will stand, that the sun and moon will shine on, and that the earth occupied, will stand in their surface, and purified by fire, will also continue in her present astronomical relations to other planets. The good are to be raised to glory, and the wicked become victims of the expected conflagration. Probably the bodies of the wicked of his followers are, to be annihilated, but to live on and be punished. The destruction spoken of is to occur through the agency of a final storm, the element of fire, and the quantity pounds (a talent) to weight. The effect of such a descent of hail, in addition to the physical consequences of its fall, will be accompanied upon the earth by the bursting out of the gasses, and from the a general combustion will follow."

A letter in Boston was recently applied to by a debtor, who wrote that the world would certainly come to an end on the 22d. He acknowledged the debt, which his creditor thought affair unsettled, and he begged the lawyer to forgive it, as he was unable to pay, but wished to be ready for the end. The lawyer wrote in reply to anyone assessed that if the world did cease in an end, the debtor might consider the debt cancelled; but if it should happen to outlast the date fixed, he should expect the debtor to call at his office and pay at least 50 per cent. of the principal.

THE Boston Advent Herald of last week, says, "We shall make no provision for issuing a paper for the week following." In an address to the readers of the paper, the editors say, "We feel that we are now addressing you through these columns for the last time."

BALTIMORE.—Many persons in Baltimore, are deranged by the prevalent Miller delusion, and are neglecting their business, and some are absolutely giving away their goods, as has also happened in New York. A painful circumstance is mentioned by the Clipper. On Tuesday last, during the session of the City Court, a respectable female came into Court, and brought their houses, the lodges, to take some action in reference to the fearful inroads upon domestic happiness which these misguided men were daily making by the preaching of this doctrine. A wife and a mother, she had to lament the wreck of reason on the part of her husband, the loss of property, and the prospect of want which awaited her children.

THE Miller Tabernacle, in Boston, has been for a week or two crowded day and night, hundreds from the neighboring towns sleeping in the building. The police has had constant work to save them from disturbance, and on Saturday night has required an adjournment of the meeting, which was complied with.

WE are pained to hear that a young man was carried home from a Millerite meeting in Jackson street, last Sunday evening, seriously affected in his mind, and that he still continues deranged and wandering in his intellect.

THE Meredith Bridge N. H., Gazette, gives several instances of respectable men who have made considerable arrangements for the end of the Bridgetown, and who expect to hear the midnight cry on the 22d of October.

A good mother sent word to one of the Portland city school teachers, that if the world came to an end on Thursday, the 10th, (the time then set by the Millerites) she wished to have her children "hurried right home!"

Miscellaneous News.

MEXICAN CLAIMS.—The Ohio Statesman, published at Columbus, states, on the authority of a letter from Mr. Shannon, the American Minister at Mexico, that Santa Anna, in August last, that the instalment of $300,000 now due from that Government, will be paid within ten days from the date of his letter. As Columbus was the recent residence of Ex-Governor Shannon, the correctness of this information, coming from such a source, may be relied upon.

IT is said that a new and very rich Gold Mine has been discovered on the lands of Col. Wm. Hancock, in the upper part of Moore Co., N. C. The ore is said to be worth from ten to twenty dollars a bushel, so far as it has been examined. It is embedded in a blue flint rock. One of the veins is twelve feet wide, but the richest vein is from eight to twelve inches wide.

TEXAS COTTON.—By a statement from the Collector of Customs at Shreveport, Louisiana, published in the last Caddo Gazette, it appears that from the 1st of June, 1842, to the 30th of June of the present year, there entered from Texas at that point, were reported and cleared for New Orleans, 14,970 bales of cotton.

THERE will be a greater number of houses built in Cincinnati next Spring than in any season heretofore, 1,500, including the northern suburbs. The increase of population for the last twelve months is estimated at 7,500 souls, and the present population 75,000.

Elections.

PENNSYLVANIA.

FOR GOVERNOR.

	1839	1841	
	Whig majorities.	Whig majorities.	Markle.
Adams,	1538	1900	4574
Allegheny,	4373	3910	2640
Armstrong,	1744	1544	1000
Beaver,	1116	1143	627
Bedford,	1697	1767	1000
Berks,	1435	1962	4170
Bradford,	2000	2000	1000
Bucks,	1499	1700	3000
Butler,	1000	1000	1000
Cambria, (new County)	300	300	300
Cambria,	920	811	100
Centre,	1042	1440	600
Chester,	4987	5642	6000
Clarion,	1000	1000	1000
Clearfield,	600	600	700
Clinton,	1000	1000	1000
Columbia,	1000	1000	1000
Crawford,	1000	1000	1000
Cumberland,	1000	1000	1000
Dauphin,	1787	2124	800
Delaware,	1000	1000	1000
Erie, (new County)	300	300	300
Erie,	1000	1000	1000
Fayette,	2032	2552	2000
Franklin,	2000	2000	2000
Greene,	2000	2000	2000
Huntingdon,	1000	1000	1000
Indiana,	1000	1000	1000
Jefferson,	1000	1000	1000
Juniata,	1000	1000	1000
Lancaster,	5470	5870	6000
Lawrence,	1400	1400	1000
Lehigh,	1600	1400	1000
Luzerne,	2000	2000	2000
Lycoming,	2000	1700	1000
M'Kean,	200	200	200
Mercer,	2000	2000	2000
Mifflin,	1000	1000	1000
Monroe,	1000	1000	1000
Montgomery,	4000	4000	4000
Northampton,	1000	1000	1000
Northumberland,	1000	1000	1000
Perry,	1000	1000	1000
Philadelphia Co.	13 000	16 000	12 000
" City,	4000	5000	3000
Pike,	100	100	100
Potter,	100	100	100
Schuylkill,	1000	1000	1000
Somerset,	700	1000	1000
Susquehanna,	1000	1000	1000
Tioga,	1000	1000	1000
Union,	1000	1000	1000
Venango,	1000	1000	1000
Warren,	1000	1000	1000
Wayne,	1000	1000	1000
Westmoreland,	1000	1000	1000
Wyoming, (new county)	1000	1000	1000
York,	1000	1000	1000
Total,	142,075	144,021	30,026
		143,871	40,455
Harrison's majority,	300		9,393 Shows a ga

The counties marked with a star (*) are Democratic. The Abolition or "Liberty" Candidate for Governor received about 4,000 votes, though no returns have been published. The Whig vote is generally stated, and we shall not know the exact number until the official returns are published in December.

Reported majorities have reached us from the two remaining Counties. They are as follows:

5th majority for Shenk,	180
6th do. do. do.	1,200
Counties stand from,	4,205
	5,585

MEMBERS OF CONGRESS ELECTED.

Dist. 1. Lewis C. Levin, (Native) Whig loss
" 2. Joseph R. Ingersoll, (Whig)
" 3. John R. Campbell, (Native) Dem. loss.
" 4. Charles J. Ingersoll, (Dem.)
" 5. Montgomery and Delaware—J. R. Yost, Dem.
" 6. Lancaster—Thaddeus Stevens, (Dem.) gain.
" 7. Chester—A. S. M'Ilvaine, (Whig)
" 8. Lancaster—James Buchan, (Whig) loss.
" 9. Berks—John Strohm, (Dem.)
" 10. Northampton, Pike, Monroe, &c.—Richard Biedlemann, (Dem.)
" 11. Lehigh, Luzerne, and Wyoming—Owen Lloyd, (Native)
" 12. Bradford, Susquehanna and Tioga—David Wilmot, (Dem.) gain.
" 13. Clinton, Lycoming, Northumberland, and Union—Joseph Casey, (Whig)
" 14. Dauphin, Lebanon and Schuylkill—Alexander Ramsey, (Whig)
" 15. Adams and Franklin—Jacob Fry, Jr. (Dem.) gain.
" 16. Cumberland, Perry and Juniata—Samuel Calhoun, (Dem.) gain.
" 17. Centre, Huntingdon, Juniata and Mifflin—James Thornton, (Whig)
" 18. Fayette, Greene and Somerset—Samuel Cunningham, (Dem.) gain.
" 19. Bedford, Cambria and Westmoreland—H. D. Foster, (Dem.)
" 20. Allegheny—Thomas M. Howe, (Whig) loss.
" 21. Allegheny—Cornelius Darragh, (Whig)
" 22. Crawford and Mercer—Thomas Henry, (Dem.)
" 23. Clarion, Erie, Jefferson, M'Kean, Potter and Warren—Jno. Thompson Dean, (Dem.) gain.
" 24. Armstrong, Butler, Clearfield and Indiana—Jas. M'Kean, (Dem.) loss.

From the above, it will be perceived, that the Democrats have carried 14 Congressmen, the Whigs 8, and the Native American 2. In the present Congress, there are from this State, 12 Whigs, 11 Democrats, and 1 doubtful—Dr. Nes, of York, elected as a Tariff man, and generally claimed by the Whigs.

* The vote is complete, although the probability is as stated.

CONNECTICUT ELECTION.—The Hartford Times says the vote at the town meetings in that State, gives 48 towns to the Democrats, 21 to the Whigs, and 2 divided.

OHIO.

They are seventy-nine counties in Ohio seventy four of which are heard from, leaving only five more, which cannot change the result, though they may vary the figures, and reduce or increase the majority. The election was for Governor, members of Congress, and State Legislature. The State Senate consists of 36 members—and of those that held over 9 are Whigs and 9 Democrats. We have returns of the election of 11 Whigs, which gives them a majority of 4 in the Senate. The House of Representatives consists of 72 members. The Whigs have already elected 40, which without further additions gives them a majority of 8 in the House.

The following is the vote by counties, as reported:

	1842.		1844.	
	W.	D.	W.	D.
Adams,		189		252
Allen,		376		353
Ashtabula,	1195		2760	
Athens,		1023		480
Belmont,		275		508
Belmont,		95		
Butler,		352		1284
Champaign,	429			596
Crawford,		534		520
Carroll,	159			
Clark,	2081	987		1192
Clermont,		595		542
Columbiana,	507			900
Coshocton,	242			435
Clinton,	498			
Cuyahoga,		567		532
Delaware,		535		496
Darke,		1043		
Erie,		1177		1204
Fairfield,				
Franklin,	304			391
Fayette,	220			190
Gallia,	500			537
Geauga,	607			1100
Green,	681			940
Guernsey,		1		50
Hamilton,		1643		1877
Harrison,	56			262
Henry,	179			333
Holmes,		1111		1177
Huron,		4		4
Hocking,		570		700
Hancock,		370		232
Jackson,		142		194
Jefferson,		766		520
Knox,		466		
Lake,	278			842
Logan,	418			570
Lorain,		121		73
Licking,		630		375
Lawrence,	198			370
Lucas,	196			250
Meigs,	278			540
Marion,	472			567
Monroe,		1051		1210
Miami,		1114		1284
Mercer,		420		421
Montgomery,	685			1129
Marion,	49			98
Medina,	117			62
Miami,	730			849
Montgomery,				4
Perry,	772			90
Putaway,	36			107
Portage,	120			
Pike,		76		102
Preble,	742			735
Ross,	482			798
Richland,		2178		2126
Sandusky,		219		
Scioto,	293			366
Seneca,		531		631
Shelby,		53		53
Stark,		752		580
Summit,	545			700
Trumbull,	339			68
Tuscarawas,	202			1000
Union,		261		263
Wayne,	1042			1013
Warren,	882			866
Washington,	378			432
Wood,	24			81
Williams,		116		149
			21,354	18,120

The result of the election of Representatives to Congress from Ohio, is thus reported:

Dist.—James J. Farrar, Dem.
II—Joseph H. Crane, Dem.
III—C. Sebrell, Whig
IV—Joseph Lecky, Whig
V—William Sawyer, Dem.
VI—Joseph Cable, Whig
VII—Jos. J. M'Dowell, Dem.
VIII—Thomas Corwin, Whig
IX—Augustus C. Dodd, Dem.
X—Joseph Morris, Whig, gain.
XI—Joseph Morris, Dem.
XII—Jacob Brinkerhoff, Dem.
XIII—Joseph Cable, Whig
XIV—Isaac Pond, Dem. gain
XV—Alex. Harper, Dem.
XVI—Joseph Morris, Dem.
XVII—Wm. M'Clanahan, Dem.
XVIII—Wm. M'Clanahan, Dem.
XIX—D. R. Tinker, Dem.
XX—J. R. Giddings, Whig
XXI—Wm. Sawyer, Dem.
—E. J. Hamblin, Whig, to fill vacancy in the present Congress.

Two of the members returned, are, it will be observed, to fill vacancies in the present Congress. The delegation in the next Congress will stand, 13 Democrats and 8 Whigs. In 1842, the Democrats elected their Governor by 2,443 majority

GEORGIA

There are ninety-three counties in the State of Georgia, and eight Congressional Districts. Each district elects several three Representatives, leaving two doubtful, but as each claims one of those two, the probability is that the Congressional delegation is fairly four four. The following is a partial report of the vote in the several Districts

	Dem. 1839.	Whig, 1839.
1st	3539	1758
2d	3000	2000
3d	3127	3000
4th	2741	1726
5th	4500	3000
6th	1950	5000
7th	3000	3000
	19,753	17,793

WISCONSIN ELECTION.—Sufficient returns have been received by way of Galena, Illinois, to show that the Democratic Democrats will have a majority in both branches of the Legislature.

General News.

THE MISSOURI.

The examinations of the coast of the Missouri, bound at Gibraltar, has closed, and the Naval Court Martial has passed the highest encomiums on Capt. Newton, for his conduct in the matter

THE PUBLIC LANDS.—The sales of the public lands for the last year, amounted to 1,830,874 acres, which have produced $2,463,567 in cash. The sales have been the greatest in Missouri, Alabama and Illinois but to some extent, have been very general. The proceeds of the sales for the first, second and third quarters of the year amounted to $1,426 04; and including a just estimate for the balance of the calendar year, will be $2,650,000 to—making an increase of the proceeds of the preceding year of $437,002 06.

ON the 6th of August last, in Fredericktown, Madison county, Mo., a man named Abraham W. Smith, was summarily hung by an infuriated mob. Several of the ringleaders in the outrage were arrested; and, on the 1st inst., a man named John Sinclair, was taken to custody in St. Louis. He is said to have been principal in the affair—to have tied the rope around Smith's neck, and helped to swing him up.

MORMONS.—Late news from the Mormons, have been received at the city of Nauvoo. Sharp are pioneers in the lands of Gov. Ford. It seems that these gentlemen, with a number of others, have surrendered themselves on the venture, under the promise that their trials should take place at Quincy, at which place they are now remaining in charge of the proper functionaries. The "army" is disbanded.

WE learn from the Providence Journal that John Gordon, convicted at the March term of the murder of Amasa Sprague, was brought up for sentence, the Court having unanimously overruled the motion for a new trial. Judge Durfee, after an impressive address, sentenced him to be executed on Friday, the 14th of February next, between the hours of nine and three o'clock

IT is the case of Lucas, the slave of the purser on board the U. S. frigate United States, at Boston, Chief Justice Shaw, on Friday, ordered his discharge from the custody of his master and the vessel.

THE "Courier des Etats Unis," the French newspaper published in New York, has realized, it is said, for its proprietors, $14,000 in the last twelve months.

IT Mr. B. B. Beardsley, of Bridgeport, Conn., received a few days since, an anonymous letter, postmarked New York city, containing $25, with only the following laconic sentence: "Much obliged for the use of the money." It seems that some unhappy mortal has relieved his conscience of a heavy burthen

ON board the ship Patrick Henry, which sailed on the 6th inst. for Liverpool, were 100 bales of fine American wool, which were selected in this country from our finest Saxony fleeces by a Scotch manufacturer. For some of it he paid as high as forty cents a pound. The quantity was about 20,000 lbs.

THE ship Fairfield, Capt. Johnson, from Nassau, N. P., of and for New York, struck a reef of rocks off Abaco, on the 11th inst., and is a total wreck. She belonged to Johnson & Lowden's line of New York and Nassau packets, and is insured for $50,000. The cargo is also insured for $100,000.

THE two Flanagans, confined under sentence of death in Lancaster Penitentiary, have escaped. They had been convicted eighteen months ago, of murdering an old lady for her money! Five hundred dollars are offered for their apprehension.

ACCORDING to the New York Shipping List for $1,029,817, in specie, were exported from New York from August 1st to September 23d of this year.

THE Ice Yacht in one of considerable size, and Capt. Pierce Bunker. The ship remains for the last four months has been 7,314 tons.

ACCORDING to the New York Sun, it is a moderate estimate to say that the Broadway omnibuses, collectively, take up $750 per day.

A NOBLE STEER.—A steer was slaughtered last week, at Hartford, Ct., which, after being dressed, weighed 1,600 pounds.

MAINE owns 350,000 tons of shipping, about one sixth part of which belongs to the city of Portland.

Fires.

DESTRUCTIVE FIRE AT PORTSMOUTH, OHIO.—We learn from the Chillicothe (Ohio) Advertiser, that a fire occurred in Piketown, on the morning of the 14th inst., which destroyed the store of Alexander Scott, the Hickory Sprout newspaper, owned and edited by Mr. Tomlinson. The Auditor's, Clerk's and Treasurer's offices were also destroyed, but the Court House and Recorder's office were saved. The public records have been principally saved; and the chief loss will be the public buildings, the printing office and materials, and a library belonging to Mr. Clough. The loss was probably the work of an incendiary, as there had been no fire on the premises for some days before.

FIRE IN SPRINGFIELD.—A destructive fire occurred in Springfield, Mass., on the 12th inst., destroying the large range of stores of about $25,000. The stores of Palmer & Clark, Briggs & Forward, Henry Adams, H. & J. Brewer, Rufus Ellsworth, and Clarence A. Elliott, and the printing office of Smith & Taylor were destroyed. $3,000 worth of wool, belonging to Willis Phelps, was also destroyed in one of the buildings. The owners of the buildings were Joshua Frost, Daniel Bestecou, and Dr. C. Brewer. Five buildings were destroyed.

SHOCKING CALAMITY.—The dwelling house of Mr. Thomas G. Meredith, situated on the outskirts of the village of Morley, near Ogdensburg, N. Y., was destroyed by fire on Tuesday week, and two of his children, one a boy two years and a half old, and an infant daughter about eleven months old, perished in the flames.

A fire broke out about twelve o'clock, on Thursday night, in the distillery in north Fourth street, Williamsburgh, N. Y. owned by Gugenell, Crane & Co. The mill and neighboring houses were considerably damaged. Loss about $6,000. Insured in New York for $5,700.

BY The dwelling house of Mr. George C. Kelling, in New Hartford, Conn., was destroyed by fire on the 22d inst. The Finishing and Dye Houses were saved. Loss $3,000; no whole property $18,000, at the Hartford Fire Insurance office.

BY The Woollen Factory of Messrs Gilbert, Smith & Co. of Rockerville, Vermont, was destroyed by fire on the 27th ult. Insured for 14,000 Dollars, which will fall far short of covering the loss.

BY A thousand acres of woodland were burned over, in Ontario county, New York, on the line of the Erie Road.

BY The recent fire in Columbia, S. C., was exceedingly destructive, the entire loss being estimated at $30,000.

STATE DEBTS.

Considering the fair and hardy burly which has been made against Pennsylvania indebtedness, it is worth while to look abroad—as such a view invariably shows the Old Key Stone State to advantage, and to settle the true matter of cancelling her indebtedness, but she is sure to do it at last, principal and interest. In pertinent to the matter, we find the following extract from a New York paper—the Republic. Repudiate never conveyed more than a sentiment of moral baseness, and less than is embraced in the last sentence of the extract:

"The failure of the American States to pay their debts, creates great surprise and a good deal of ridicule in England. The people are interested in the good faith of governments are only themselves and are ignorant of the nature of the republican form. The property and existence of such people depending entirely on the continuance of the existing Government, cannot view without horror an instance of disregard of the obligations of faith by any government, form a degree of public opinion in their estimation of the morality of the people. The governments themselves have formed a sort of holy alliance for the preservation of their thrones and privileges against the contagious principles of republicanism. The strength of all these governments are united to protect anyone from the encroachment of its people. They were originally illustrated in the case of Belgium and Holland, when they were formed into a separate government. The debt of the old Netherlands was $200,000,000, and they were left to settle the financial legislation. In 1830, the absurd oppression of the Dutch King drove the Belgians to revolution. The five powers interfered promptly, and forbid hostilities. Belgium refused to submit to what should cease, provided that her boundary should be acknowledged, and that she should be left to settle her own debts. Accordingly the whole was put upon Holland. That country, with a population of 2,500,000, of whom as many as the State of New York, owed last year $457,000,000 of debt, and paid $28,000,000 of interest. The $137,000,000 of debt contracted since 1830 by Belgium, at per cent interest, and the whole amount was beyond the means of the Government. Holland, however, by the most rigid economy, proposed a property tax of $2,500,000, and a reduction of five per cent. to 2½ per cents, saving near $6,000,000 in the annual interest. The people refused to respond to a tax of 7,000,000 guilders in a 3 per cent stock to pay the bonuses, &c. The result was that the government dare not levy the tax, but, as the papers have it, they appealed to the 'patriotism' of the people! For a loan, which at last sight was taken up by those capitalists whose selfish existence depends upon the preservation of government credit. The operation, however, was a failure, as this is. The Dutch Government issued a circular to the holders of the fine per cent. stock, telling 'gentlemen, we can no longer pay you 98 5/16, we can give you only 98 cents; we can pay you $4,700,000, or three per cent. You must take that or we stop.' The patriotic feelings of the people at large had nothing to do with it. It was between the creditors and the government—the latter dare not go to the people. Immediately all Europe cries out. Shame on you, Americans, why do you not pay? Does what the patriotic Dutch have done? The only difference between Holland and Pennsylvania, is that the creditor of the former took half, and those of the latter cannot on the whole."

Items of News.

WARNED IN SHEEP'S CLOTHING.—Two men, calling themselves preachers, were recently arrested in Kentucky, and lost in the county for concealed stolen goods. One of them, named Jesse Coffee, was preaching in a camp meeting, while his daughter, with part of the alleged property on her back, formed one of his audience. He was made prisoner while speaking. He was required to give bail to the sum of $1,500, a disclosure having been made implicating him deeply with a set of villains who have been operating, and live in the same, &c., so numerous in those parts. On the day following, the other man was arrested. White was also taken from the pulpit at the same place, charged with being partners in crime. A large amount of counterfeit money was found upon him.

THE export of flour and wheat from Canada to England, has greatly increased this year. From the 1st of January, 1841, 1,000 barrels of flour, and 13,000 bushels of wheat were exported; this year 207,000 barrels of flour and 324,000 bushels of wheat. Much of the wheat manufactured in Canada is grown in the United States.

THE Savannah Daily Advertiser chronicles the death of Craig Moffett, Esq., of Burlington county, a distinguished member of the New Jersey bar. He was only 30 years of age. His death was caused by bilious fever.

IT is a novel fact, that Newgate Prison, London, at present, does not contain a single convict under sentence of transportation. Such a circumstance has not occurred for a century past.

LAST night, at New Philadelphia, Ohio, recently captured four faces, a bear, and a wolf! That was good sport provided they were not lions from about it.

BY Thirty-eight thousand dozen bottles of Congress Spring Water, are sent away from Saratoga annually, yielding a net profit of one dollar per dozen.

The Markets.

SALES OF STOCKS.

300 shares	Girard Bank,	11⅛
50	Wissahickon R. R.	11⅞
137	do.	12
50	Commercial Bank, Natchez,	19
25	Mar. & Mec. Bank,	19
20	do. Mechanics Bank,	19
50	do. Commercial Bank,	19
50	do. Commercial Bank,	19
50	do. Mechanics Liberty Bank,	19
$300	W'Mingt'n & N. R. 6's, 1853,	70
$8000	Penna. 5's,	94
$1000	Penna. 5's,	94
$1000	Penna. 5's,	94
$1000	Pa. Canal 6's,	94
$1000	Penna. 5's,	94
$1000	Penna. 5's,	94
$1000	Penna. 5

A Riddle.

ANSWER
TO THE ENIGMA IN OUR LAST.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNITED STATES BAYONET POST.

With pity, we, I'm not forbid,
To make my riddle vivid,
For something lifeless, though conceived,
Within a narrow cell.

There's something found both near and far,
It is with every one,
On earth, the north and ev'ry star,
It shines out in the sun.

'Tis at the bottom of the sea,
Upon its form a glisten,
'Tis to be found on ev'ry tree,
And on the mountain's sides.

'Tis with the lame, the halt, the blind,
With living and the dead,
Something there is, but hard to find,
Within a dandy's head.

There's something hot, and cold as well,
Itself it cannot move,
There's something small, large, low and high,
It can fly like a dove.

Something you see red, green and blue,
Or black, and white as well,
Something sorry'd in sickest hue,
Or dark as noble night.

There large for something pants been,
And warm the midnight oil,
For something nations go, ensure,
And hear incessant toil.

For something lawyers plead a cause,
And doctors mean stress,
They new contain, new weep the love,
And relate make their case.

For something doctors work, practice
A blister or a pill,
They new relate, yet new they cure,
Oh, pity, new they kill.

A prize for something loudly prays,
The sailor boldly fights,
The president his country sways,
The politician writes.

I something weigh, and not in vain,
To love without disguise,
I something think, 'tis very plain,
It is before my eyes.

Boston.

From the Monthlys.

FROM THE COLUMBIAN MAGAZINE.

IS THAT ALL.

BY F. HAMILTON MYERS.

"Is that all?" said little Henry Hampden, a sherry-cheeked and blue-eyed boy, midway in his first lustre. He had smiled at his mother's romping in my knee, and for whose benefit I had been exercising my powers of invention and embellishment in a long tale on the history and striking themes of horses, whips and wagons. "Is that all, uncle Harry?" he said, in a tone of dissatisfaction; and after fixing his large, blue eyes for some moments anxiously upon mine, and becoming satisfied that no more marvels were forthcoming, he rested his head, and hurried away to his play.

I am not accustomed to smoke, or very much to day-dreaming, but it was a comfortable room, was easter Sarah's, and very quiet, and I was awaiting her return from a tour of fashionable calls, and somehow it happened that as I was reflecting how easily it began the world with scenes of human disappointments, Madame Reason stepped silently and unbetrayed from her throne, and Mademoiselle Imagination, ever ready for a freak, jumped lightly to the vacant seat.

Now as my readers are supposed to know full well the fantastic tricks that this latter lady is accustomed to play when she gains her little sister authority, I shall not detain them with a treatise on the part of the subject. She took, disregard of the unities, her strange mixed mingling of remote localities, her tact at grouping discordant and heterogenous subjects, are familiar to all: and he who has not, like myself, conversed familiarly with Shakspeare and Queen Elizabeth about the doctrines of Mormonism, or been married to the daughter of Herod the great, and shuddered to see her trip haughtily out of the room with his own head on a platter, has doubtless partaken of some illusion equally absurd.

But the most provoking part of all this is that while we are looking at water-falls on fire, it is putting a ladder against the moon, or she is all with the utmost gravity and without a faint semblance of our want of sanity. But I perceive I set to digress. Well, I was asleep and dreaming. The walls of a university, which I had not seen for many years, rose to view. I wandered through its interior, and passed into the apartment where a young and handsome student sat quietly seated with a volume before her. By that strange action of dreams, at which I have hinted, she appeared at the same time to be the little lad on whose my eloquence had made so light an impression; and yet not altogether he, for I myself seemed to partake enough of his identity to be fully conscious of his thoughts and feelings. He was a member of the senior class, and all his aspirations were bent upon being graduated with the highest honors. For this (I felt) he had toiled with little intermission for many months. For this he had denied himself repose, and secluded himself from all the inviting charms of society. Of this he had thought and dreamed, until his ambition seemed to have no other goal, and woman kindred to higher attainments. Day by day in a face become more pale, he like eye more sunken. But he succeeded.

Months passed, and a large and intellectual audience listened with breathless silence to his eloquent valedictory, replete with learning and teeming throughout the nooks of a lofty genius, mingled with the dignity of common sense. His triumph was complete. Friends congratulated, the prize complimented, and sury and detraction were silent. Once alone, I saw him and accosted him—looking, he was contemplating the past and present. Strange thoughts of misplaced adoring and tendency daily rendered his heart, which he strove in vain to dispel by reflecting on his triumph. That he felt to be vague, unstable and unsatisfactory; and, as the vision rapidly changed, the same blue eyes of boyhood stared fixedly for a moment in my face, and the same word sounded in my ear, "*Is that all?*"

I said the vision changed. 'Twas midnight. The place a small room, occupied as a library, in occupant a man still in the morning of life, of intellectual countenance, though of only a manuscript look. With my intimate powers I was not prevented that this was the successful student, now about to make his debut before the world as an author. He had now found, he thought, the true field for action, before him sought in vain. There could now bring to bear all the hidden powers of his mind, all his vast stores of learning, and all the rich gems of imagination, with which his thoughts abounded. The intellectual world's previous gift of genius, he felt himself the possessor of a treasure more potent than Aladdin's, and one which, in the intellectual world, like the glorious orb of day in the material, enlightened and made brilliant every object that became the recipient of its rays. He was bringing to a close the last of his senior compositions years, and was enjoying in anticipation the applause of the world, and the success of his future age. Nor was he disappointed. Success again crowned his labors. Fame blew for him her loudest blast.

"Come stained before his fall in honor night,"

and through ten weeks rang the name of the successful and gradated author. Day after day, week after week, poured him from through the newspaper press, the praise of the public approbation; and for a while he trod them with an elated consciousness and kindling eye. But soon the tread of praise grew monotonous, and on its empyreal wings, with the fickle heart of the author there was a craving for something above and beyond all this, and a doubt whether the long years of study and toil and privation had been for one day a price to pay for the admiration and envy of mankind. Once, in a fitting moment, the consciousness of the man and boy were the same; again were those large blue eyes fixed earnestly on mine and in the same searching tone, and the same melancholy voice sounded in my ears with the same inexhaustible query, "*Is that all?*"

Another change came over the spirit of my dream. I was in one of the principal streets of a city, and engaged in the business marts with its hurried tone. The tact of a genius was a thousand eight hundred and thirty-six had wandered from the retirement of the study, and fraught with all its mild deference. The means for acquiring wealth and fame was again all prevailing. The spirit of speculation was upon me through the land. Wild, delicious and dreaded is the shade after the Frost pallies, and the people of every class of society had become subject to their mysterious influence. Banks were thronged with notes of hand, and every hour brought tidings of a splendid fortune acquired with magical celerity. City private carriages were whirling in every direction, the new proprietors to some incipient factory to its first anticipated glorious festival. Property passed through the hands of half a dozen owners in a single day, and rose as it passed, in almost geometrical progression. Railroads," as they were called, or pre-emption rights, were paid for by the minute, and sometimes even second and third assignment of such rights were in market.

In the midst of all this hubbub and excitement, I was surprised to perceive, if delight in once more encountering my intellectual friend, whom it seemed I had cast away during a lapse of several years. But what was my surprise, on near approach, to discover an entire change in his mind—that the same countenance which I the senior was upon him. Not only so, but a total abstraction from all his contemporaries, and he was a successful speculator. He could name upon his tongue's end in twenty-three minutes and a half, he said, taking out a massive gold repeater, and calculating the time with great exactness, he was in give his final answer about the purchase of two hundred lots in the flourishing city of Fly-away on the forks of Dry river. Again my identity seemed to mingle with his, and go where he would that I was I. He made the purchase in Fly-away, and before the deed could be executed, or sold it to the vendor, (who had repeated of his bargain,) and pocketed by the operation several thousands in cash, or at least what was then considered very good cash, and now indifferent lifetting paper, viz: United States Bank notes. Of few pounds passed by, each day being crowned with some successful bit, until my acquaintance found me, with unusual vividness, engaged with adding his personal security to that of the estates which caused through his agency would write himself a millionaire. But he had fortunately played in his childhood the merry game

"Alice, alive, alive or a loss,
If Alice is my best of my bestestable me,"

and having wit enough to discover a striking resemblance between that game and the one now playing the grown up children of the nation, he refused from henceforth a prominent share of the coming score.

Satisfied he had at length obtained the secret formula, he began to ponder how he should best enjoy it. Many conscious schemes suggested themselves, with curves as wide as conscious objections. Travel had once possessed many charms in his eyes, but nothing but the want of means had prevented him from gratifying his desire to see the celebrated pictures of the world. But now the idea came attended with that of facility and danger, for with his wealth his sense of individual importance had increased, and he was no longer willing to trust his life upon the common conveyances that might determine that of a pusillion or a footman. After many days of hesitation and doubt, and still with some misgivings at his choice, he purchased the property of a family residence within sight of the metropolis. In recent owner was one who had the misfortune to be included in the game alluded to, was a man of taste and judgment, and everything that could contribute to comfort, luxury or elegant indolence had been lavished on the favorite place.

A magnificent park, a beautiful grove, gardens, grottoes, pools and fountains were among the numerous features of the estate, statuary and painting, and all the minor elegancies of fashionable luxury, were added to the number of it sumptuous within. The fashionable world viewed the potency of his name, and for the first time came in throngs to his halls and parties of entertainment, and the fashionable world was there, and trampled his rich carpets, with a facilitarity that was not to be endured. But, strange as it may seem, while I had no accurate knowledge on so many points, on the one of which he was ignorant whether or not my companion was blessed with a wife and children. If, so, it was evident that he had made sharpwreck of his domestic happiness in the wild pursuit of love and wealth, and crushed or repressed the fresh affections of youth, and was destined never again to find place for their growth, "though he sought it diligently with tears."

But why dwell upon this portion of the picture? Let us take up with that period in my utterance as he appeared to me, the sole occupant of a large and richly furnished room, centering a library of vast extent, and to this thoughtful mood, apparently analyzing his own character. His mind dwelt momentarily and half reproachfully on his long and anxious pursuit of wealth, and his imagination anticipated following hope. How had they been realized? He had obtained a reputation that he could not enjoy, friends whom he could not trust, a retinue that he did not value. What had he that an ordinary competence would not have more? Nothing! Was he happy? Was he free from passage in the prisoner's coach—her heart fate the apple and—she like to faint—and the cade veins of the officer recalls her. "Come to me, my darling!" cried the fervent lover! As if the heart of the unfortunate, of all hearts could not sink, and her strength fail her!

The next passenger is an old woman. She has been a beauty in her day, and the stories she has presided at a hospitable board, and over the family circle. The wine has sought counsel of her, and she has been a friend of vice. She has been not merely respectable, but respected, and now in the poor old age the penury must be taken in a convict's carriage. Her husband—her children were her's! and still and shattered her hope—her beloved ones were not sunk, and her strength fail her! Her confidence in the world, she found herself, she knew not how, was gone, and the desolate of alleviation of immediate distress could not be found. She fainted! The keeper laughed, and the person she wronged would not have been more merciless! Such is the force of accident. All the machinery of law was turned to the consternation of the poor old woman, the abstract fact of theft was proved—her previous existence of keen distress was not admitted in excuse, but was received in palliation. There was a little staggering in the decision—the magnanimous loser of twenty shillings, curses the hardship of having his time occupied as a witness, for a day or two, the poor old wretch whose future days are numbered by the period of her sentence, the expiration of whom she never will survive!

Such are the cases that particularize all The young man whose coat, though dirty and ragged, is yet of the finest cloth, and who has not, and its owner the dandy; the other, whose dress is of the coarsest material, and who in his character of apprentice in that of a tendy—the genteel pick-pocket—the ingenious forger—the boy who, in a moment of looking larger, whose nose is pinched with the misery of cold, and who is the entry perhaps a hundred rooms, and as many pairs of cowering for the nether mail garments, and the petty pretence of the old woman. After they had been put attractive visage and returned to the dress, some of them, and the latter, and the latter into almost of darkness, and threw them into almost intolerable heat. Hundred and more shirts, and shoes, and one had two lofts, while another had but a single garment, and that a rag. Breakfast was announced, and large numbers of the inmates immediately fell to work at the rare. The scene which followed the bell-ringing for the meal was indescribable. Each one of poorly bachelor got the wrong boot on his left leg, and a tasty Benedick was vainly because his wife had given him a pair of shoes, one of which was a number smaller than the other. Old and antiquated boots stood by the side of modern ones in the entry, perhaps a and young men were knee deep in the tuggery of the old clothes-bags, in search of articles of sacrilegious, and "Pardon!" and "Wait-a-bit!" were heard in every direction. Each one came to the office, succeeded a calamitous bellringing, by one party or another, according to difficulty or the reign of it, and while the vexed bipeds were comparing notes and evaluations, the bell-ringer, with unconcern, left the care hall, and with them, the fair mischief makers.

General Putnam.—During the war in Canada, between the French and English, when General Abercrombie was sent across the country in Canada, the army coming to one of the lakes which they were about to cross, found the French had an armed vessel of 12 guns upon it. The general was in a great distress; his boats were to match for her, and she was also very incapable of sinking. No whole army on the situation in which it was placed. Gen. Putnam came to his aid and said, "General, that ship must be taken." "Ay!" said the general, "I would give the world if she was taken." "I will take her, Sir," said Putnam. Abercrombie smiled, and asked how? "Give me some wedges, a beetle, and a few men to put them in her." Abercrombie said no concerns how an armed vessel was to be taken by a few men and a beetle and wedges. However, he granted Putnam the request. When night came on, Putnam with his materials and men, stole quietly in a boat under the vessel's stern, and to an exact drove in the wedges behind the rudder in the cavity between the rudder and the ship, and left the boat. The vessel's crew were seen fluttering about, she was adrift in the middle of the lake, and they presently blown ashore, she was easily taken.

The Bear.—A writer in Blackwood declares the true bear as "a dear friend: an abstraction substantialized only by the scissors, a concentrated essence of everything that is good-natured in his own indulgence, but chill as the polar ice in his intolerance of all others; prodigal in his own appetites—never suffers; prodigal in his rage for the beloved of others; magnanimously mum, and generous to a fault; the kindest, dearest, Sedakeon, in fact, being the surest, the spring, and the fountain of all kindness to his friends.

Another writer defines the bear somewhat more concisely than this—as "a pitiful puff of nothingness that ought to be a monopoly."

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HALF HOUR IN AN EATING HOUSE.

A fig for those half asleep mortals who can wander from Dan to Beersheba, and exclaim, "it is all barren!" I am not one of them, but by mistake, and never through any accident whatever. All are alive within the limits of—all sensations are passed as of no consequence and pleasure are of no equal interest as in Epsilon 0—0. They serve one purpose—that of keeping the world in motion, and, therefore, they help keep up the price of beef. The good they do is not generally appreciated, and the answer to all questions sense be negative—their whole lives are useless.

He who chooses to observe the "living manners as they rise" may on the contrary find much to interest him in even a morsel of food. It is impossible for man to find a vacuum—it is therefore impossible for a man never to find himself in any spot where there is nothing to attract attention, suggest thought or furnish subjects for imagination. The world is an open volume to him—he finds it.

"Waiters is none—boobs in the evening theatre. Because is scarce, and good in every thing.

"Waiter, what chicken is it?" said I, as I was highly favored in this respect—but we were born with a head, and have a talent for many things. We like also to try to judge something of a man's character from the manner in which he eats—and he is likely to throw off restraint and seem what he is. Such a man was Sheridan in Eating House. The occupation of eating is one which generally divides a man of the world into, and divests him of, his every day character. The greatest pretender to meekness, if he have not that character at heart, loses it, and if he have not the meekest or his most overdone; the pseudo lymbid will have his mask off, and the shrewdest reserve which would astonish his pipping friends will be found to vanish.

Some people have habitual dishes. We could judge of the one poet, for instance, by sweet potatoe time. That luscious esculent is the favorite dish of all Walter Scott, while the essence for them lasts. Perhaps they all the muse—if they do, may nature send a lead. There is now a bad poet in the city for the same reason—a poet, and if he cannot raise from our promulgation of the proper rule of conduct, we could not be sorry. We have more potatoes and better pouts, is a consideration which may help to be widely.

An acquaintance of ours who ekes his living by copying law papers, and manufacturing fair and reports of cases, always orders just two apple dumplings with treacle and a glass of ale. He is a man of the strictest honesty, strength, and hard of digestion. Perhaps hence his fondness for the above dish and regular hours. Sir Walter Scott, while writing Rob Roy, and while he had a fit of the cholic. He should have had a fit of apoplexy—a wealth. but from the bigger—for then he would have had something to write about. Our friend says that he once like the above. Our friend says that the legal documents he transcribes, harmonize exactly with the dish in all its parts.

One man always eats veal—another pork. Perhaps the latter is the most generally popular, dog will not eat dog, he shall not be classed with the cannibals, and we cannot help attributing to those animals among brutes. It is the more we should have a dog, and we could not help it. Beef, strange and unaccountable as it may seem, is not a favorite with her—it is a favorite with all. Mutton is the favorite with all. Another jest indicates what he wants before he is being obeyed—and he has none. Another waits to be served without saying a word. He is methodical, and an Admirer of the exact. The waiter knows precisely what he wants, and how he will have it. So also does every other man of his habit of dealing with him. Another hesitates and whiffles—he does not know what he wants—he cannot say, undecided, and when he has purchased his plate, he commences with it. He is not with every purchase—but it is time to let the reader go from our imaginary scene to his own breakfast table.

Our Scrap Book.

THE RING AND THE PIN.

A lady and her lover once
Were walking on a rocky beach
The sea was rising fast,
And when the lady turned to look
And the looks were gentle, too,
She dropped her diamond ring.

A gentle moon enamel word accosted
How sweet to hear her angry wrangle—
How sweet to hear her angry wrangle
And now upon their faces twain
The silver moonbeams fell.

A ring was on the lady's hand,
The gift of her betrothed lover,
It soon she plucked it from her hand,
And threw it in the ocean—
For beyond the power of any
That sad sea, and her strength fail her!

A pin was on the lover's hand,
Of gold it was, and costly,
He took it off and threw it in
After the other lost her.

"Is that all in vain: so tough one day
A false deceiver ever?"
Across the sullen spot that fell
The angry waters flowed,
And caught about the flower cut
That one had thrown her.

He had a basket on his back,
The lady's lover bought for it,
The lady's lover bought the fish,
And when he opened them to skin it,
She found—her mother cursed!—
Her friend the pin and ring!

LIFE AT SARATOGA.

All sorts of jokes as well as amusements are practised at Saratoga. The New Haven Palladium says that a few days since the barouche of Congress Hall were thrown in consternation on the fashionable promenade, by the sudden flight of a large white rooster in the direction of the ladies' dressing room. The gentlemen looking larger, whose nose is pinched with the misery of cold, and who is the entry perhaps a hundred rooms, and as many pairs of cowering for the nether mail garments, and the petty pretence of the old woman. After they had been put attractive visage and returned to the dress, some of them, and the latter, and the latter into almost of darkness, and threw them into almost intolerable heat. Hundred and more shirts, and shoes, and one had two lofts, while another had but a single garment, and that a rag. Breakfast was announced, and large numbers of the inmates immediately fell to work at the rare. The scene which followed the bell-ringing for the meal was indescribable. Each one of poorly bachelor got the wrong boot on his left leg, and a tasty Benedick was vainly because his wife had given him a pair of shoes, one of which was a number smaller than the other. Old and antiquated boots stood by the side of modern ones in the entry, perhaps a and young men were knee deep in the tuggery of the old clothes-bags, in search of articles of sacrilegious, and "Pardon!" and "Wait-a-bit!" were heard in every direction. Each one came to the office, succeeded a calamitous bell-ringing, by one party or another, according to difficulty or the reign of it, and while the vexed bipeds were comparing notes and evaluations, the bell-ringer, with unconcern, left the care hall, and with them, the fair mischief makers.

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The City Mirror.

THE COACH OF THE "HAVE BEENS."
A NEW YORK SKETCH.

BY H. HASTINGS WELD.

Among the various carriages which drive through the city, there is one which never fails to attract attention. It is a curious box shape, the roof of which is covered with a sort of tent, like a house, and holes in the sides about as large as those through which the Indians shoot their arrows (which means a fact print), on a rare ground. The front is set back to accommodate the driver, who could not be seen but, and at the back, instead of coach box for the footmen, pad-board dangles and jingles. The coach is the Hall of Justice and Blackwell's Island regular. The unlike other coaches, always waits for passengers—not perhaps till they are packed by hecklers and dealers, and still with some misgivings at his choice, he purchased the property of a family residence within sight of the metropolis. In recent owner was one who had the misfortune to be included in the game alluded to, was a man of taste and judgment, and everything that could contribute to comfort, luxury or elegant indolence had been lavished on the favorite place.

A magnificent park, a beautiful grove, gardens, grottoes, pools and fountains were among the numerous features of the estate, statuary and painting, and all the minor elegancies of fashionable luxury, were added to the number of it sumptuous within. The fashionable world viewed the potency of his name, and for the first time came in throngs to his halls and parties of entertainment, and the fashionable world was there, and trampled his rich carpets, with a facilitarity that was not to be endured. But, strange as it may seem, while I had no accurate knowledge on so many points, on the one of which he was ignorant whether or not my companion was blessed with a wife and children. If, so, it was evident that he had made sharpwreck of his domestic happiness in the wild pursuit of love and wealth, and crushed or repressed the fresh affections of youth, and was destined never again to find place for their growth, "though he sought it diligently with tears."

But why dwell upon this portion of the picture? Let us take up with that period in my utterance as he appeared to me, the sole occupant of a large and richly furnished room, centering a library of vast extent, and to this thoughtful mood, apparently analyzing his own character. His mind dwelt momentarily and half reproachfully on his long and anxious pursuit of wealth, and his imagination anticipated following hope. How had they been realized? He had obtained a reputation that he could not enjoy, friends whom he could not trust, a retinue that he did not value. What had he that an ordinary competence would not have more? Nothing! Was he happy? Was he free from passage in the prisoner's coach—her heart fate the apple and—she like to faint—and the cade veins of the officer recalls her. "Come to me, my darling!" cried the fervent lover! As if the heart of the unfortunate, of all hearts could not sink, and her strength fail her!

The next passenger is an old woman. She has been a beauty in her day, and the stories she has presided at a hospitable board, and over the family circle. The wine has sought counsel of her, and she has been a friend of vice. She has been not merely respectable, but respected, and now in the poor old age the penury must be taken in a convict's carriage. Her husband—her children were her's! and still and shattered her hope—her beloved ones were not sunk, and her strength fail her! Her confidence in the world, she found herself, she knew not how, was gone, and the desolate of alleviation of immediate distress could not be found. She fainted! The keeper laughed, and the person she wronged would not have been more merciless! Such is the force of accident. All the machinery of law was turned to the consternation of the poor old woman, the abstract fact of theft was proved—her previous existence of keen distress was not admitted in excuse, but was received in palliation. There was a little staggering in the decision—the magnanimous loser of twenty shillings, curses the hardship of having his time occupied as a witness, for a day or two, the poor old wretch whose future days are numbered by the period of her sentence, the expiration of whom she never will survive!

Such are the cases that particularize all The young man whose coat, though dirty and ragged, is yet of the finest cloth, and who has not, and its owner the dandy; the other, whose dress is of the coarsest material, and who in his character of apprentice in that of a tendy—the genteel pick-pocket—the ingenious forger—the boy who, in a moment of looking larger, whose nose is pinched with the misery of cold, and who is the entry perhaps a hundred rooms, and as many pairs of cowering for the nether mail garments, and the petty pretence of the old woman. After they had been put attractive visage and returned to the dress, some of them, and the latter, and the latter into almost of darkness, and threw them into almost intolerable heat. Hundred and more shirts, and shoes, and one had two lofts, while another had but a single garment, and that a rag. Breakfast was announced, and large numbers of the inmates immediately fell to work at the rare. The scene which followed the bell-ringing for the meal was indescribable. Each one of poorly bachelor got the wrong boot on his left leg, and a tasty Benedick was vainly because his wife had given him a pair of shoes, one of which was a number smaller than the other. Old and antiquated boots stood by the side of modern ones in the entry, perhaps a and young men were knee deep in the tuggery of the old clothes-bags, in search of articles of sacrilegious, and "Pardon!" and "Wait-a-bit!" were heard in every direction. Each one came to the office, succeeded a calamitous bell-ringing, by one party or another, according to difficulty or the reign of it, and while the vexed bipeds were comparing notes and evaluations, the bell-ringer, with unconcern, left the care hall, and with them, the fair mischief makers.

General Putnam.—During the war in Canada, between the French and English, when General Abercrombie was sent across the country in Canada, the army coming to one of the lakes which they were about to cross, found the French had an armed vessel of 12 guns upon it. The general was in a great distress; his boats were to match for her, and she was also very incapable of sinking. No whole army on the situation in which it was placed. Gen. Putnam came to his aid and said, "General, that ship must be taken." "Ay!" said the general, "I would give the world if she was taken." "I will take her, Sir," said Putnam. Abercrombie smiled, and asked how? "Give me some wedges, a beetle, and a few men to put them in her." Abercrombie said no concerns how an armed vessel was to be taken by a few men and a beetle and wedges. However, he granted Putnam the request. When night came on, Putnam with his materials and men, stole quietly in a boat under the vessel's stern, and to an exact drove in the wedges behind the rudder in the cavity between the rudder and the ship, and left the boat. The vessel's crew were seen fluttering about, she was adrift in the middle of the lake, and they presently blown ashore, she was easily taken.

The Bear.—A writer in Blackwood declares the true bear as "a dear friend: an abstraction substantialized only by the scissors, a concentrated essence of everything that is good-natured in his own indulgence, but chill as the polar ice in his intolerance of all others; prodigal in his own appetites—never suffers; prodigal in his rage for the beloved of others; magnanimously mum, and generous to a fault; the kindest, dearest, Sedakeon, in fact, being the surest, the spring, and the fountain of all kindness to his friends.

Another writer defines the bear somewhat more concisely than this—as "a pitiful puff of nothingness that ought to be a monopoly."

☞ "Gentlemen never swear." So said Washington, who, we believe, never allowed profane swearing in his presence or in his hearing, while in command of the army of the revolution.

☞ "Hope only takes wings for flight upon the last breath of man, and then it mounts to heaven."

SABBATH BELLS.

FROM THE LOWELL OFFERING.

Lo! silkwort yon distant height
Bleeds the red wine of heavenly light,
Wanes blue and valleys green,
Come in the crystal wave,
Earth sparkles, and men go forth,
To worship God in peace.

Hear ye the solemn bell,
Hushed is tumult—like the hour
Hark! what holiness breathes in it!
'Tis the Sabbath morning bell.

Dwelling though be humble or fair,
Hear the summons, "Come to prayer!"
Nature greets her Lord with the dawn,
Mortal, toss the grateful tongue!
Hear ye not, "Come to worship!"
Be thy week-day cares forgot,—
Hear from earth's darkest hour,
Hie thee to the hallowed fane!
Where the Lord's flock feeds Jesus'
Hasten to the Sabbath bell.

Near the mellow bell's deep tone,
And the gentle stars look down
Where the Lord's flock feeds Jesus'
Hasten to the Sabbath bell.

Lo! a faint—a far-off chime
Is the bell's deep tone,
And the quiet upward smile
With the far Sabbath music.

"Come to prayer!" the last, low call
Came, while evening spread her pall
Come! the blessed moments haste!
Let most wend upon their way,
Earthly care and strife and woes,
Heavenward their footsteps turn,
Come, and in the house of prayer,
Praise and thank thy Father's love,
Praise and thank thy Father's love!

Hear the morning breezes play—
Feeling, kissed, a sweeter day,
Feeling blessed in morning's dew,
Feeling through the gleaming light
Breathing strong the vernal power,
Morning's voice is silvery way:
"Awake from the dead!"
From the tumbled's utter flow,
From the wounds of earth's strife,
Present are the Sabbath bells.

Earth like a morning maid looks on
Eyes a holier day would know,
Earth like a morning maid looks on
To her home in Paradise.
Earth like a morning maid looks on
Eyes a holier day would know,
Uplifted in its holiest prayer,
Then all earthly noise and care,
Where that endless Sabbath dwells,
They will need no Sabbath bells.

A Wild Notion.—A fellow in Paris, thinks by putting a horse in a wheel, like a squirrel, to run perpetual motion. He will have to be the fastest locomotive, and supersede steam. He is almost to try the experiment.

The following lines on the gay and grave, from the St. Louis Republic, are probably evolutions from the brain of Pharma:

MARRIAGE
Here she is, all in white for the notice,
Though she's cast their noblest planet,
And he's in black for the same,
If they, too, won't mind a change.
To make some clever fellow double
Or single, and thereby hangs a tale.

DEATH
He is—what this shall be.
Encouragement all that troubles thee:
Hopeless all that fear'st not,
Be it—what this shall be.

ELECTIONEERING.—We clip the following from an exchange, which proves that class canvassing with a treat is not always successful:

"Ah! how are Reuben?"
"Guffle."
"How's the old woman, Reuben?"
"Tellble, too."
"Well, Reuben, old fellow, will you take something?"
"Ain't you a candidate?"
"Yes, Reub."
"Well, I never drinks." [Exeunt candidate.

A little paper published at Columbus, Ohio, called the Bullet of Fun, has the following sensible remarks: "Those who owe us will do us a favor by calling whenever and those to whom we may be indebted, will save time and money, by waiting till we call on them."

"John, I saw your cousin Isaac a few weeks ago, and he has got a new coat, for which cost a most horrible gash in his arm." "Ah! poor fellow! What did it, John?" "Well, really, I forget now; but it rather strikes me that he fell on the hypothenuse."

"What o'clock, Pat?" enquired a traveller. "Next to nothin'," answered the Milesian, with grave politeness, "barrin' the moon." asked the traveller. "Not quite one," replied Pat; "and it follows, of course, that what isn't one is next to nothin'."

"Pa, where do the elections go in every one and then?" "Where they belong, child." "Why, Pa, I see every little while, something in the papers about 'illegal returns,' and I don't tell nothing about where they go to when they go away, Pa."

"If you have ever seen a flyin a honey pot, take warning and never fall in love."

"There's room enough inside, as the pauper said to the penny loaf."

Choice Selections.

TO A LADY.

BY J. M. FIELDS.

A lady calls it round dear,
Cheerfully, and it is so,
For tomorrow hath crowned thee
With a year more of love.
Three eyes of azure beaming,
Thy cheeks with roses blooming,
In Fancy's hour of dreaming,
Are sunlight to me.

As angel's eyes watch o'er thee,
And Heaven's love shine down,
And waters that adore thee,
Be thy life's crown.
Bright hopes are round thee clinging,
Thy heart is young and loving,
And every day is bringing
The promise nearer.

All changeful as the sea,
May thy golden hours glide,
Like the dove's breast heaving,
Thy bosom be.
The thrilling glance,
The path for ever bright,
Joy still thy sweet blessing,
Are to thee given.
Sweet daughter of summer!

BRITISH NATIONAL DEBT.

[Extract from a letter from London.] The amount of the national debt of this country is upwards of £800,000,000. It is not generally known that this immense amount stands in the names of only 280,000 persons. The population of Great Britain may be estimated in round numbers at 25,000,000, so that the debt is £32 for every inhabitant! These 25,000 are taxed to pay the interest due on the immense amount to this very small number of fund holders; and the Government of this country since discovered, that if internal disturbances should suggest the question of payment of non-payment, in physical strength at least the fund holder would have little chance against the army of people who have to follow him with. Accordingly, in 1840, when the National Debt was first accumulated, we find that Savings Banks and societies of a similar nature began to be formed in connection. From that time to the present, those Banks have multiplied and extended, and now stands in the names of the commissioners of those Banks nearly £50,000,000 of the Public Debt, belonging to 800,000 individual depositors and their families, forming a powerful and friendly societies. Supposing each society to number 150 members, there would be a grand total of one million of people of the poorer classes, who are interested in upholding the existing order of things. Verily, there is method in the madness of the Government.

The secret of the matter rests in the fact that the Government allows one per cent. per annum more interest on the Savings Bank than to the other holders of the public funds. That is to say, it pays for £50,000,000 of debt, and thus losing not more than £200,000 per annum, and binding by strong personal interest one million of people to an existing state of things.

In England, beside the advantage politically conferred by the Savings Banks, there is a great moral good has been achieved. It has been accomplished at the rate of one pound for every man, woman and child. Every family found who has a penny in the Savings Bank on a Saturday evening, has a stake in the country, and that as the number of depositors in a village increases, so do the poor and the poor's rate diminish.

LOVE'S MELODY.

There's music in the voice of love,
A sweet entrancing soul tone,
There's music in the gentle sigh
That breathes its vows to thee,
It is a low like tone that soothes
The fears of constancy,
The quiet of constancy,
And tells the heart that fondly
Love's melody.

There's music in the thought of love,
A spirit sighing, and its grace,
A spirit sighing, and its grace,
A spirit sighing, and its grace,
A melodious imagery,
A low voice, and a low voice sings—
A melody—
Love's melody.

Chinese Extasies.—They can't discover anything that comes to hand. Upon the streets of Hong Kong, a Chinese boy was found eating the fishes bacteria. A number of birds are also expected for sale, and they are generally found much regale for flavor among others, a lamb, a dog, a cat, a rat, a mouse, a bird, a fish, nothing can have a more laughable effect than to see a Chinese arrive with a nice typing-pole supporting two bird cages, which contained dogs and cats instead of birds. A small cat of the species is also very much in request; they sit quite downcast in their cages, and appear to be very much put out by the market, while the cats make a dreadful squalling, and endeavor to get out of the bars. To these last, when they are well fed, is much relished by the Chinese, and are to be seen on the tables of the rich. Other Chinese bring lambs, and kill them in the streets with a cut, which are chosen quite vibrant, and, like pigs on exhibition, when they have been opened, are turned inside out, and the entrails thrown through the hind legs. These tons of rats they don't now, but they are only eaten by the poor.

SONG—THE FARMER'S DAUGHTER.

BY ARTHUR MORRELL.

On Sara's bank, where the lilies stoop
To kiss the crystal river,
And the softness o'er its bosom droop,
I first saw Mary Dever.
Her eyes out were, as she took the flowers,
Her cheeks with blushes glowing,
How full of bliss were the hour hours
I spent with Mary Dever.

The dew was still on the grassy lea,
The morn was fresh and fair,
The woods were music that she spoke to me—
Oh! she was passing fair.
The sunlight on her tresses fell,
And dipped in the flowing water,
The lily's pride was in her cheek,
As I kissed the farmer's daughter.

Journey'd I far, and journey'd I near,
All my mind was sad and weary,
I thought of her that I loved so dear,
And I spent sighs on the misery.
But I came to again with the hope
That I should see my Mary Dever,
And I kissed the farmer's daughter.

The robin's song I no longer heard—
The water was dark and dreary,
Hard was the task of my every day,
For they ruled of the value of Mary.
But I'm free now, and I'm going to see
The girl I love forever,
And I'll kiss the farmer's daughter.

A false friend is like the shadow on a dial, which appears in fine weather, but vanishes at the approach of a cloud.

BEARDS.

FROM THE BOSTON COURIER.

To shave or not to shave—that is the question. Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer the razors and strops of outrageous fortune, or to take arms against a sea of troubles, and by opposing end them. To shave,—to scrape,—to trim, and by a shave to say we end the heartache, and the thousand natural shocks that the beard is heir to. 'Tis a consummation devoutly to be wished. To shave,—to scrape,—perchance to cut! Ay, there's the rub, for in that scrape, perchance to cut, what blood may flow! When we have lathered all our cheeks, and with the razor have shaved them, and the lather dripping, the cracking tangled whiskers, and the sparse hairs, and the stubborn bristles, and the tough wires, and the hard curly ringlets, and the hair with a sharp razor, who, but a fool, would not shave? But the dread of something to shave, and the dread of something to or after shaving, puzzles the will, and makes us rather bear the beard we have, than fly to strife that we know not of.

Thus shaving makes cowards of us all, and thus the native hue of resolution is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought, and the fashion of shaving, with all its dangerous cut strife through the air right shortsharp, and lose the name of action. After giving through a regular course of education, appointed to a young gentleman of fashion, they are put to learn a trade, at which they work until they have earned enough to defray all their expenses from the first day they entered the institution. When this is completed, they are dismissed from the institution, to gain their own livelihood. At the close of the year, when they have thus first entered, is presented to the room which they swear they will preserve as long as they live, and they will not remember the object erection from which they have been released, and the children which they are under to the institution for having taught them the useful employment, the means of feeding themselves for the future.

The Poet, Campbell.—It is well known, says Frazer that